

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Holla If Ya Hear Me"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Aww yeah, uhh, uhh  
Holla if ya hear me, yeah

Here we go, turn it up, let's start  
From block to block we snatchin' hearts and jacking marks  
And the punk police can't fade me, and maybe  
We can have peace someday, G  
But right now I got my mind set up  
Looking down the barrel of my nine, get up  
Cause it's time to make the payback fat  
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped, black  
And accept no substitutes  
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole school  
Oh no, I won't turn the other cheek  
In case ya can't see us while we burn the other week  
Now we got a nigga smash, blast  
How long will it last 'til the po' getting mo' cash  
Until then, raise up!  
Tell my young black males, blaze up!  
Life's a mess don't stress, test  
I'm giving but be thankful that you're living, blessed  
Much love to my brothers in the pen  
See ya when they free ya if not when they shove me in  
Once again it's an all out scrap  
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch ya back  
Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya  
Mess with the best and the vest couldn't help ya  
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?  
You're too near me -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Pump ya fists like this  
Holla if ya hear me  
PUMP PUMP if you're pissed  
To the sell-outs, living it up  
One way or another you'll be giving it up, huh  
I guess cause I'm black born  
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get capped on  
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!  
I'll be swinging like a one man, clan  
Here we go, turn it up, don't stop  
To my homies on the block getting dropped by cops

I'm still around for ya  
Keeping my sound underground for ya  
And I'mma throw a change up  
Quayle, like you never brought my name up  
Now my homies in the backstreets, the blackstreets  
They feel me when they rolling in they fat jeeps  
This ain't just a rap song, a black song  
Telling all my brothers, get they strap on  
And look for me in the struggle  
Hustling 'til other brothers bubble -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

Will I quit, will I quit?  
They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep  
Representing, never give up on a good thing  
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing  
And now I'm like a major threat  
Cause I remind you of the things you were made to forget  
Bring the noise, to all my boyz  
Know the real from the bustas and the decoys  
And if ya hustle like a real G  
Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me  
Learn to survive in the nine-tre'  
I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay  
Whatever it takes to live and stand  
Cause nobody else'll give a damn  
So we live like caged beasts  
Waiting for the day to let the rage free  
Still me, till they kill me  
I love it when they fear me -

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"

*[2Pac:]* You're too near me, to see it clearly

*[several times w/ minor variations:]*

*[2Pac:]*

Holler if ya hear me!

*[Sample:]*

"Hard"

"Tellin' you to hear it"

"The rebel"